

GHOST OF THE "NGUIN."

BY WILL LIENDEE

For more than a week the Penguin had laid at anchor in the little harbor at Bastia. She was a small schooner, a weather-beaten, tubberly craft, with her yards splintered and one of her masts broken, yet she looked strongly picturesque, standing with bare poles against the flaming sunset sky, as I allowed my little boat to drift before the gentle breeze.

Aboard the craft there were no signs of life visible, and I knew that the gins must be ashore, filling himself with rum, as was his custom when Capt. Darke was absent.

My old friend, the captain, had been beating about the Mediterranean with his lubberly schooner for half a score of years, and so he might still have been engaged, but for the arrival of a letter at Bastia telling him of a newly-inherited fortune.

But upon receipt of the goods news he was off at once, leaving his disabled schooner in charge of Muggins, an old sailor who was more honest than sober.

As my boat drifted alongside the Penguin I perceived a rope trailing over the port side, and making my little craft fast, I drew myself upon deck.

I looked about me, but no one was visible. It was evident that I was the only soul aboard the Penguin.

I threw myself on a camp-stool in the shadow of the sail and fell to regarding the range of dark hills that rose back of the romantic little city. Presently I was startled by the sound of steps, and a few moments later Muggins' twiny head appeared over the rail. He started when he saw me, and was about to beat a hasty retreat when my voice stopped him.

"Bless me, I thought you were a ghost, I did, by the powers!" he said, seeming well pleased that his fears had not been realized.

"Well, now, what the deuce is there about me, Muggins, to make you think me a ghost?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't that you look like a ghost, Mr. Raymond," he returned, apologetically. "But you see, when a cove is looking to see a ghost, he's pretty certain to take the first live thing his eyes fall on for what he's looking for."

"Then you were expecting to see something of the supernatural kind?"

"That's a fact, Mr. Raymond, though 'tain't often a cove is believed when he tells such a story. There's a ghost on this old hull, or else I'm losing my eyesight."

"And you really believe in such nonsense?"

"I believe what I see, that's all."

"What did you see?"

"Well, since you ask, I don't mind telling you. You see, since Capt. Darke went away and the crew was discharged, the Penguin has been under my care, and I have been sleeping aboard the vessel and spending most of my time here. Last night about two o'clock I woke, thinking I heard something moving near me. I was sleeping in my cot on the deck, and as I looks about like I sees a woman, all in white, moving like a specter right by the hatchway. While I was watching, it seemed to sink into the deck and disappear. I'm not the man to run from a single night-provoker, but I felt queer-like at this, and can't see how a woman could be on the Penguin. Thinking she might have descended the companion-ladder, I goes down with a lantern, but finds nothing. Then I looks all over the ship with the same result. I slept no more that night, and though I look after the ship during the day, I shan't sleep here again if I know myself, call it ghost or what you will."

With this he picked up a lantern and descended to his boat that lay alongside.

"Then I shall spend the night here and lay your ghost for you," I said.

"You'll greatly oblige me if you will," he returned, "though I'll be blowed if I think you succeed. Good evening, Mr. Raymond. I'll drop alongside early in the morning and see how you have fared. There's the key to my cabin."

He added, tossing the key upon the deck. "You'll find pipin in a decanter, if you look close. Now again good night to you."

His ears dipped into the water, and he was gone.

Dusk was already settling over the water. I took a seat on the deck and lit a cigar, and began running over in my mind some of the events that had befallen me since my arrival in Corsica.

For more than three months I had been staying in the romantic little island, finding a restful charm in its quiet seclusion that was a pleasing contrast to the life I had been spending for the past two years in the gay capital of the restless and pleasure-loving French.

One is not likely to expect to meet with adventures of the thrilling kind in the peaceful precincts of Bastia, yet something bordering upon this had come to my lot less than a month before.

For the amateur artist the quaint little city will furnish many subjects for the pencil and brush, and I had made good my opportunities since my arrival.

The most prized among my collection was the portrait of Veda, the little Corsican fruit-seller. There was something fascinating in her very pose, and the dark beauty of her face had drawn me to her as if by some subtle witchery.

One evening, as I was strolling through the streets, I heard a cry of mortal terror come from the court of a ruined building where several poor families had taken their abode, and entering hastily I perceived an aged woman, withered hag, with upturned eyes, in the act of striking a girl who was crouching the corner of the wall. I struck the knife aside, and the would-be murderers fled, leaving me

Proposed Railway Extension.

(Col. R. S. Turk in the Spectator and Indicator.)

An article printed in our issue of Dec. 2d, on the subject of the extension of a-railway from Harrisonburg west through Highland and Pocahontas counties, having attracted some favorable comment and rather more attention than we had supposed, we take the liberty of further calling the attention of capitalists generally and to the Southern Railway especially, to the advantage and advisability of entering the West Virginia coal fields by an extension of their Harrisonburg branch to the head of Gauley or Elk river. Few people comparatively, know the vast country a road over that route would drain, and fewer still know the resources of the section. A residence of about fourteen years in Pocahontas county, has given us, probably as-familiar an acquaintance with what it contains as most ordinary unscientific persons could acquire in such a period. We never obtained an analysis of its minerals for attempted a development of any of them, but we did examine pretty carefully into its timber. The country of Highland has without doubt a vast quantity of iron, but it is not supplied with timber on the extensive west of it. It would however, furnish large quantities of oak, some pulp wood and great quantities of tan bark. It would also supply many hundred carloads of cattle every year, and fine quarries of building stone would doubtless be opened. There is no calculating what would be shipped until the opportunity presented itself. When Pocahontas county would be reached unscathed that region would at once supply freight without awaiting mineral or other development. Several lumber companies in that county have offered railroad corporations as an inducement to build into their holdings in that county, to give the railroad all the tan bark on their land, and in addition guarantee them forty car loads of lumber per day for twenty years. This was the proposition of single lumber companies, and those companies, nor any other company has any monopoly of the timber there. Nothing but some white pine and walnut have ever been taken from that county, and this outflow would be stopped at once by a road entering the county, and the freight yearly derived from 25,000,000 feet of sawed lumber, which now floats away and is caught by the C. & O. at Concovert, be saved to the new company.

It has been claimed by persons close to the Southern, we have heard, that that road did not seek any new coal fields, that it had all the coal it could use or handle. This must be a mistake. The Southern has no coal north of Alabama and no eoking coal anywhere so far as we can learn.

Should it build the 100 miles of railroad we advocate it would be in the midst of the West Virginia coking coal and would enter a field with coal on both sides of its line for 200 miles. It must be a source of profit to the C. & O. and B. & O. to haul coal eastward. Why then would it not be as profitable to the Southern? With a well built line, the road mentioned could haul coal in competition with these roads and unquestionably an immense iron business would spring up on the line as the iron ores of Pocahontas and the Gauley coal fields are not 30 miles from each other over this route. In fact they are really in sight, with limestone at hand, of the finest quality for fluxing. There has been found in Pocahontas county in large quantities a fine quality of hard coal. This vein has been opened in four or five places in the "Levels" a section of that county, and it is thought to be valuable and certainly abundant. The magnificent deposit of red and gray marble found in the same levels section of that county, is another feature in figuring on freight. There would also come from this county yearly many hundred carloads of stock. All this must be taken into account. By this route the shortest line from Washington to Cincinnati could be built, and such grades as the B. & O. encounters at Allegheny or Cheat mountains would be met. The gaps at the head of Elk or Gauley are low, never blocked with snow for any length of time, and the gap in the Allegheny at Frost is one of the very lowest in the mountain. When we behold the struggle the B. & O. makes in carrying its trains over the Alleghenies by its present line and think of the difference in the mountains on the proposed line, which we have crossed at all seasons of the year, we are astonished that so wonderful a route, into so magnificent a region has not long since been occupied by a railroad, when capital has been blowing down the Rockies Seiras and laying rusty rails over prairie and desert in the west, whilst here in the very face and under the shadow of our great cities is more wealth than can be found in the same unoccupied expanse of territory, anywhere else in the United States. If the Southern or some other line does not soon build the line we mention, feeders and branches will of course reach out from the C. & O. and B. & O. and in a sort of sickly half hearted way undertake its development, and leave less for this line,

When built to claim. It would look as if a coal field 200 miles in length and 100 miles in width, with timber over the same area in almost virgin state would surely be attractive to the eye of a corporation which already has 150 miles of road leading directly from the seaboard toward that territory, which 150 mile it acknowledges is not now valuable, but which with the addition of 100 mile more could be made one of the most desirable properties in the country. Certainly if there remains any capital in this country with which to build railroads, no more profitable investment of it could be made than here.

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Spain seems to be on the verge of bankruptcy, and it looks as if the virtual independence of Cuba will soon be an accomplished fact, by conceding self-government, or autonomy, to the Cubans.

"Be sure to brush your feet off before you come in," shouted Willie's mother to her six-year-old son.

"Wouldn't it be just as well," asked Willie, who expects to be a professor or a lawyer when he grows up, "wouldn't it be just as well, mamma, if I brush the dirt off, and leave my feet on?" - Minneapolis Tribune.

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Trustee's Notice of Sale.

Pursuant to a deed of trust made by John S. Moore and Mrs. B. Moore, his wife, dated on the 19th day of June, 1890, and recorded in the Clerk's office of the County Court of Pocahontas County, West Virginia, in Deed Book No. 21 at page 82, to the undersigned Trustee, to secure the payment of two certain debts due Henry Barlow, one of \$402.89, with interest from October 31, 1889; and the other of \$785.51 with interest from November 15, 1889; and default having been made in the payment of said debts, and having been duly notified by the beneficiary, Henry Barlow, the undersigned Trustee will on the 9th DAY OF JANUARY, 1897, at the front of the Court house of Pocahontas County, proceed to sell by way of public auction to the highest bidder, the land mentioned and conveyed in said deed of trust, consisting of 13 1/2 acres of land situated near Mill Point, in said County, it being the land upon which the said John S. Moore now resides. Said land comprises a good farm with comfortable dwellings house and other buildings, being the same land conveyed to said John S. Moore by S. H. Clark and wife by deed recorded in the County Clerk's office in Deed Book No. 17, page 181, less 38 1/2 acres conveyed to W. W. Rider, and 80 acres conveyed to E. H. Moore.

TERMS OF SALE: One third of the purchase money cash in hand; one-third with interest in one year from day of sale; and the residue thereof with interest in two years from day of sale, the purchaser executing his notes with good security, the legal title to be retained as ultimate security.
S. B. MOORE, Trustee, Andrew Price, Attorney, December 11, 1896.

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